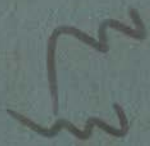
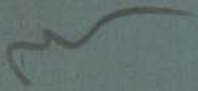
BY THE WATERS OF FIUME





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A Story of Love & Patriotism

BY

LORNA DE LUCCHI

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"Endurance is the crowning quality
And patience, all the passion of great hearts."

INTRODUCTION

My sister, Nora Zanella, died at Fiume in October, 1915.

The following notes, jotted down by her at random on odd scraps of paper and at odd times, came into my hands a few weeks ago.

Many will wonder at me for giving things so intimate, so poignant, so tender, a publicity for which they were obviously never intended. I do so in all reverence and humility. I feel that on this radiant morning of victory it is meet and right and very sweet to call to remembrance those brave, patient, fragrant spirits we have had the privilege of loving. I believe that it is with the ardent flowers of their living and dying that we may

most perfectly adorn and glorify the places which were so bitter and yet so dear to them.

My sister had only been married a few months when a bomb hurled by a young fanatic on the bridge of Serajevo set the world ablaze. Her writings prove how deeply she was moved by the passionate questions of the day.

At first she wrote as a pastime, later writing became a habit, at the last it was a necessity and perhaps a consolation.

Many of her papers must have been lost or destroyed. They were in great confusion and often barely legible. I have tried to put them into some sort of chronological order.

My brother-in-law, Marco Zanella of Fiume, was an "unredeemed" Italian. He was a promising young writer and a generous and valiant spirit. My sister gave herself entirely to him; she shared his love and his hope and his

sorrow, and his last words were on her lips when she died :—

"Viva Fiume! Viva la più grande Italia!"

LONDON, *January*, 1919.

BY THE WATERS OF FIUME

MAY 15, 1914. On board the *Hegedus Sandor:* I left Venice early this morning, a Venice of pearl and roses, a Venice so divinely lovely that, had my heart been emptier of happiness, I would have wept at leaving her! I am happy, happy, serenely and perfectly happy! I am almost afraid of so much happiness!

LAST night I lay awake in my room on the *Zattere* and marvelled over the changes a few months had wrought in my life. Such a very little while ago I was alone, and now I am Marco's wife! How wonderfully it all came to pass! We saw each other and loved! There was no hesitancy, no shadow of

doubt for either of us! My heart sprang to Marco's as a lark to the sun in the morning! Friends and relations were somewhat disturbed; they expatiated on the dangers of "love at first sight" and "mixed marriages on next to nothing." We laughed them out of countenance! Our love, like a mighty, triumphant stream, bore all before it! Molly stood by me, dear sister and staunch comrade! She loves me and her love made her wise. She realized that this was my destiny. So we were married. Then Marco was recalled to Fiume. The matter was urgent; he had to leave immediately. I was ill at the time and unfit to travel. How bitterly disappointed I was! What haste I made to get well! Now in this lovely springtime I am on my way to join him! I am happy, happy! I am smiling all the while! People will think I am a very foolish person, but then they do not know. . . .

MOLLY brought me as far as Venice. I begged her to come on with me to Fiume. She laughed and said that two were the best company on a Honeymoon! She is a tease! She must pay us a long visit as soon as we are settled. We shall not take a second refusal.

I SPENT the night thinking. A tender little moon slipped into my room. The muslin net over my bed folded me about like a cloud of mist. A gentle breeze wandered in to me from over the Lagoon and passed warm fingers through my hair, and whispered, "To-morrow, to-morrow!" It was such a mischievous breeze. I had stolen all the sweets from the gold hearts of the roses clinging to my window-sill! Some gondolas were moored to the bridge outside. I could hear the straining of their ropes and the soft stirring of the water by the marble steps. Once a

group of merry-makers passed by singing in clear, high voices, an old Venetian folk-song. I sat up in bed and listened, as their voices grew fainter and fainter, then died away in the distance.

What a delicious world! And I am its queen My crown is love, my girdle is happiness, and my throne is set on a rock of faith!

At 5 o'clock Molly brought me a cup of coffee. An hour later two sons of the *Serenissima*, with dreamful eyes and bodies like young gods, bore us in their fairy boat to this fussy little steamer with the impressive name. They threw in the lilt of a song and the glint of a smile, and it only cost us three lire! I do believe that they actually enjoyed taking two strange women and a pile of ugly luggage out to a dreary little steamer early in the morning for a purely nominal fee! These Italians are wonderful people! They are warm-

hearted and generous and vividly alive! They have the simplicity of a child fused with the intuitive wisdom of the ages! I am glad I knew and loved and understood them before I married Marco; before he made me one of them!

MARCO is a native of Fiume. "Italy's child and Hungary's slave!" he says jestingly, but his eyes soften and then grow hard. I am going to be initiated in the mystery of a new cult; I am journeying to a new country. What has life in store for me? What manner of city is this Fiume, whose soul belongs to one and whose body is claimed by another? It is all very puzzling to an English understanding! Marco laughs when I wrinkle up my brows; he smooths them again with a kiss, two if one does not suffice! Oh, Marco, Marco! Oh, you Italians! You are great thinkers and great singers, great fighters and great toilers, but you are

very, very great lovers indeed! But I am not a child. My husband must understand this; he must give me more than kisses and blossoms and bon-bons! We are not going to live like fairies in a fairyland, gathering roses and dancing in a ring, nor like birds in a nest near the sky, singing and flying all the day long! We are going to live in a real workaday world, heart to heart as lovers, hand in hand as comrades! "*Segui la tua stella!*" you said, Marco! "Follow thy star!" I will, always and valiantly and gladly, wheresoever it may lead me!

We are nearly there! I was never so excited before! The weather is perfect. We are due at 5 o'clock. Another hour! How I am wishing away time!

It has been a delightful trip. The sunshine is liquid sapphire and the sea a miracle of crystal and blue. The

little islands are pure gold for Gorse is in bloom. Then kissing is not out of fashion!

The air is sweet with the ripe Peach-breath of the Gorse blossoms. Here and there little white fishermen's cottages nestle amongst the rocks by the blue water. On one of the islands a group of wild ponies came galloping down the hillside towards us with tails raised stiffly and manes flying.

WE are very near to Fiume. This is the Gulf of Quarnero, "*che Italia chiude e i suoi termini bagna!*" Marco has described it to me often and often, but it is more beautiful than I could have imagined! It is an enchanted lake; I shall call it the "Lake of the Rainbow," for it has the rainbow's delicately opalescent colours. The islands of Veglia and Cherso, barren and rock-strewn, but softened now by the pearly mist of a warm May afternoon, close it in on

one side. The mainland, like a silver sickle moon, clasps it on the other. Everything is mysterious and alluring. Along the vaporous green curve of the shore clusters of villas and hamlets and towns are scattered like handfuls of Blackthorn blossoms in an elfin field. The Captain has told me their names. Some sound like music, others are exotic and strange.

FIUME, Fiume! How beautiful! The houses must be hewn out of pure marble, for they are as white as snow. They are so dazzlingly white that their gardens lie about them like deep purple shadows. A wall of hills rises up behind the town. It has a silver rim which cuts into the sky like the edge of a sword. The hills look barren and wind-swept, but here and there in their folds there is a sprinkling of emerald dust. I can see splashes of white and pale rose in the gardens, Almond or Cherry blossom, I imagine.

Now I can see Marco! I can see him quite plainly! He is waving, smiling . . .

JUNE 3, 1914. It is just over a fortnight since I left Venice. It seems longer, for every hour has been lived intensely. There has been so much to see and to hear and to do! And then the wonderful happiness of being with Marco again! No woman was ever so tenderly, so selfishly, so exultantly loved as I!

WE are living at the "*Hotel Europe.*" It is an excellent hotel and very central; it overlooks the port on one side and the Piazza Dante on the other. The Piazza Dante is the chief square of Fiume, and very fascinating and animated it is. It is ringed round by Cafés of various characters and dimensions. Nearly every evening we sit at one of these by little marble-topped tables, and Marco sips black coffee and I a

luxurious ambrosial syrup which has the colour of an Alpine-Rose and the taste of wild Raspberries ripened by the sun on some verdant hill-slope in the south.

MARCO has a host of friends and they are all as fervidly Italian as he. They talk Italian, these *Fiumani;* they talk a great deal!

IT is curious that in spite of a medley of strange tongues and uniforms, a wild clamour of gipsy bands, a lilt of Viennese waltzes, I feel that I am still in Italy, and yet . . .

I LIKE Marco's friends, and they seem to like me. They are glad that I am English. Marco's best friend is Mario Garofalo; he is delightful; so ingeniously idealistic in his point of view, and yet with plenty of common-sense and a sound and practical knowledge of life.

He is entirely devoted to Marco, as indeed are all his friends.

One day soon Marco is going to take me over to Cherso and Veglia and the smaller islands beyond. They look lonely and rather desolate from our hotel windows, but they have a curiously appealing charm and, I believe, they still possess some vestige of their ancient treasures of timber and grain and wine and oil. And the Illyrian snails that Pliny wrote about? Have they all crawled away since then?

How beautiful and plentiful the flowers are in this place! My room is filled with deep crimson spicy-breathed Carnations, showers of Lilac blossom, demure little Pinks, Sweet Williams, and cyclopean Roses, as perfectly fashioned and as colourless as if modelled in wax. I revel in flowers, but best of all I love those I have gathered myself. Gathering

is such a tranquil and happy occupation. And then, if one has gathered a flower oneself, one knows for certain that she has not forgotten on some dusty shop-counter or in a stuffy cardboard box the colour and the freshness of the sky, the song of the wind, and the face of the God Who walks in fields and gardens!

JUNE 6, 1914. I used to think I liked the Hungarians. Now I know that I never could have done so! I see that they are hard and intolerant. Why should they grind hearts under their clicking, jingling heels? By what authority do they bid us call upon the gods which it has suited them to set up? Intolerance is the crime of small minds! Yet the Hungarians were not always oppressors! In their wide open spaces, amidst their giant forests and wild hills, they learnt the meaning of Liberty! They have shed their blood

for Independence! They have had their Kossuth! How does the old song run?

"Arise, O Magyar, thy country calls.
Here is the time, now or never,
Shall we be slaves or free?
This is the question, choose!
We swear by the God of the Magyars,
We swear to be slaves no longer!"

How greatly they have changed! Apparently the "evil company" of Austria has corrupted their "good manners!" They, the Defenders of Liberty, now rejoice in tyranny and oppression!

JUNE 7. This stifling of national instincts and aspirations is sacrilegious. It is like pouring poison into the chalice of a lily, so that the delicate perfume of the flower may be overcome by the loathsome fumes. It is a brutal as well as a stupid act. The soul of this earth is Italian. They cannot destroy the soul, which is immortal. Let them do

their worst! In spite of it the voice of Dante will move the world, and these cypresses of Tersatto will spread their strong branches in greeting to the cypresses which touch the stars far away on the Seven Hills!

My life is rich in beauty and tenderness and delight! I give thanks for these good things which I have not deserved!

A few months ago, some Roman remains were discovered under a house in the Corso, so now it is proved beyond possibility of doubt that Fiume is of Latin origin, probably a direct descendant of the ancient Roman town of Tersatica which was destroyed by Charlemagne. The Roman fort Tersatto and a Roman arch in the old quarter of the town bear out this belief. On the ruins of Tersatica, by the little river Fiumara, the city of San Vito al Fiume was

founded, the latter day Fiume, the Italian for "river." One of my first walks with Marco was up the little valley of the Fiumara. It is a pretty and rather wild spot, reminiscent of a Welsh valley. The further one penetrates the ravine the prettier it becomes, for the charm of the lower part is broken by paper-mills and factories with their noise and smoke and unrest. One might be in our dim north were it not for the wonderful transparency of the sky!

YESTERDAY Marco took me to the Café Dante to meet some friends. The night was like a peaceful and most beautiful dream, a full-moon flooded the city with liquid silver fire. From time to time a breath, so tender it was hardly a wind, moved across the Piazza with a reminder of honey and flowers and stirred a curl and a feather and caressed cheek and forehead as lightly as a butterfly's wing. The band was

playing; and round and round the lighted circle moved a stream of people with a flutter of pale-coloured muslins, with a flash of brilliant uniforms and a glint and jingle of sword and spur. It was a picturesque scene, and I watched it entranced. But what impressed and moved me most was to see how, when the band broke into one of those Italian melodies which the whole world loves because of the exultant spirit of valour and sacrifice which clings to it as a perfume, in our little party a sudden glad radiance seemed to spring from heart to cheek and from cheek to lips and eyes. It was as if a word had been spoken and had immediately been heard and comprehended and ardently confirmed. Not only was it so in our little group. I looked from table to table, and everywhere I perceived the same joyous recognition, the same bond of sympathy and fellowship drawing hand to hand and soul to soul like a golden

thread. At one of the tables I saw the leonine head of Commendatore Grossi; I hope I shall meet him one day! He is one of the leading spirits of Italian Fiume and a tower of strength. Near him was the Director of our daily Italian paper; he too is an ardent Italian. I wonder just what they were thinking and how they would have expressed themselves had I dared to ask! Surely one day all this patient unflinching effort, all this hope and faith and sacrifice will be rewarded and this city of Fiume be restored to the Mother who nourished her and whom she worships! I am sure that it will be so, for "there shall never be one lost good!" I wonder if I have a prophetic soul! I almost think I have, because just for a moment, in, as it were, a clear vision, all these Hungarians and Croatians and the rest were revealed to me as "strangers in the land," as outsiders. They did not belong here, their jaunty self-confidence,

their offensive pomposity and arrogance dropped from them like rags and there they were, out of place and out of power! I could have laughed at them! And my Marco, and all those others, great and small, who stand with him, grew in stature, and their faces there in the moonlight shone with the splendour one sees on faces that have been lifted to some great and joyous fulfilment! I hope mine is a prophetic soul!

THIS morning Marco and I passed under the archway of the Civic Tower into a little square like one of those tiny "*campi*" scattered broadcast in Venice. It was a fruit and vegetable market. There was a fountain, and such sumptuous colouring: blue skies and gold and purple figs, crimson apples, brown potatoes and nuts, flaming tomatoes, cauliflowers with misty leaves and round, white faces, tender green

spring-peas! A woman called to me in Venetian! "But we are in Italy!" I cried. Marco bent down and kissed me. "You are right," he said, "we are in Italy!" I was incensed by such treatment; to be kissed in a public square in broad daylight for all to see! A few minutes later we met Mario Garofalo. I told him what had happened. "It is certainly not customary to kiss even a brand new wife in the street at eleven o'clock in the morning," he admitted, "but, on the other hand, you said, well, you were quite right . . . and . . ." Then what did the incorrigible boy do but stand still, Italians always stand still when they want to speak weightily, and repeat with all Marco's intensity of feeling: "We *are* in Italy, we *are* in Italy!" What was most surprising of all, he raised my hands solemnly to his lips and kissed them! What can one do with fanatics like these?

JUNE 15. Yesterday we moved our "household gods" from the "*Europe*" to a darling tiny top flat up on the hills behind the town. It will be lovely to have a home of our own! But we shall have to live very quietly and carefully; it will not be for long; Marco is getting on splendidly! The future is bright enough, but just for the present we must cut our coat according to our cloth, which is "single-width"! And I have practically nothing of my own! But didn't we marry for love? We did, we did! Then we are not poor after all!

THE flat is adorable! It has a fascinating drawing-room with great bow-windows gloriously out of proportion to the size of the room; a miniature dining-room, but we shall not be giving big dinner-parties until our "ship of fortune" comes sailing in over the Quarnero yonder; a toy kitchen; two bed-

rooms and a bath-room! What more could the heart of a bride desire?

I AM singing as merrily as Marco's canary in his rose and silver cage. Here is a song I have made for you, blithe little soul!

Behind silver bars lived a bird of pure gold,
His story is simple, it's very soon told;

He worshipped the sun and he dreamt of the moon,
He sang of the rainbow and roses in June,

He sang of the dew and he sang of the wind,
No thought save of happiness passed through his mind.

"O how could that poor little bird, put away
In prison for ever, be careless and gay?"

The reasons are these, they are easy to gauge,
He thought all the world dwelt as he in a cage,

He didn't know life could be lived in a tree,
He didn't know wings grew that souls might go free!

IT is summer in the world and in my heart. The sky and the sea are the

colour of the wild Hypathicas I used to gather on the Tyrolese mountains, on sunny slopes that the April winds had cleared of snow. Ours is a far horizon: we look out over the gulf to Veglia; to our right lie Volosca, Abbazia, Laurana, and Monte Maggiore, to our left Sussak and the dim Croatian coast-line. We peep down into the gardens of the Governor's palace. The present Governor is a Count Wickenburg. His wife is German. Neither of them is very well spoken of. They have a dear little girl with soft brown curls; often I meet her out for walks with her governess, and steal a shy smile from under the brim of her shady hat. The trees are of the freshest of greens imaginable; each leaf flashes like an emerald as it moves in the light sea breeze. The Lilac bushes are laden with mauve and ivory blossom. Their perfume is the purest of delights, yet it stirs something deep down in my heart, and here I am

on the verge of tears! What foolish whimsical creatures we are, to be sure!

I HAVE been to see the Italian Schools. What splendid buildings! Marco simply glowed with pride when he showed me round, and well he might! They are a triumph; the triumph of fervid, faithful spirits over spirits of jealousy and tyranny; the triumph of Italian Fiume over a foreign despotism! In spite of an iniquitous system of oppression, the "*Fiumani*" have raised them up stone upon stone with infinite love and sacrifice and skill. Now they stand for all the world to see under the wide blue skies like "ships of fortune," like a challenge or a promise! I thought how they might be compared to a casket wrought to hold some jewel of price. In the Italian schools of Fiume beats the heart of the city!

They wrought a casket of the purest gold,
And diamonds with their light of moon and stars,

And rubies like the petals of a rose,
And all the rarest perfumes that they knew
They laid within to make it sweet enough
To hold the jewel it was fashioned for.

Then day and night they held it to their hearts
And warmed it with their hope and with their faith,
And guarded it with sacrifice and love,
And watered it with tears of theirs and blood.

They wrought a casket of the purest gold
To hold a jewel which to them was dear
As life itself, until the time should be
When they might lift it freely to the light,
And set it on their foreheads like a sun,
And worship it and be no more afraid
Lest it by impure hands should be defiled
And carried hence and set at nought and lost!

FIUME has always been a free municipality, nominally she is so still. For a few years she was held in pledge by the Frangipani family, but in 1671 Count Francis Frangipani conspired with the *Ban* of Croatia to free himself and his possessions from the yoke of the Emperor Leopold I. The plot was discovered

and the Count arrested and carried to Vienna, where he lost first his right hand and then his head! The story goes that his plans were betrayed to the Empress by his wife, and that the Count, being informed of her treachery, managed, before he reached Vienna, to dispatch a trusty servant to his castle of Tersatto with a letter, charging him to deliver it to the Countess, "between the day and the evening; she will draw near the window," he said, "to decipher my letter in the failing light; then take her by the waist and fling her into the Fiumara!" And so it came to pass!

In 1776 Fiume was given by Maria Theresa to the Hungarians in acknowledgment of their chivalrous championship of her cause against the menace of an envious Europe. In 1848 the city was snatched from the Hungarians by Croatians under Jelacic, and only restored to them in 1867. During these nineteen

years, and ever since, Fiume has been engaged in a gallant and desperate struggle to protect her Latin culture and language and aspirations. Croatians and Magyars have vied with each other in their brutal efforts to denationalize her. They have not succeeded in doing so yet, and Marco assures me that they never will!

MARCO'S people are in Italy, so for the present I shall be spared the ordeal of an introduction to my "in-laws"! But I daresay it would not be such a terrible experience after all! His family consists of two sisters, both married, one to a "*Genovese*" and the other to a "*Romano di Roma.*" I shall certainly love them, since they are Marco's sisters!

IT is useful to think and to talk of the happiness that falls to our share, otherwise one grows too familiar with it, one takes it too much as a "matter

of course." Happiness is not a "matter of course"; it is a wonderful gift of the Gods and must be worshipped with due reverence and gratitude.

THIS afternoon we walked to the Church of Tersatto. It is literally crammed with gaudy and pathetic offerings which make one want to smile a little and then cry a little like a spring day! They say that the house of Christ was brought here from Nazareth in 1291, but because of the "naughtiness" of the people was removed again soon after and set down at Loreto! It is a "long trail" from Nazareth to Tersatto, but to the feet of faith . . . ! Even I, who was sceptical, found in that dusty little wind-swept square on the hill something of the sweet simple peace which I think must still abide in faraway Nazareth, where the "Man of Sorrows" went about "doing good"!

MARCO insisted on my having someone to help me with the flat. I told him I could manage splendidly alone, but he would not hear of it! "She" arrived a week ago and is a dear! Her name is Rita Merenzeller, and she was with Marco's mother when he was born. She treats him accordingly! She is quite one of the family, joins in the conversation even when we have guests, and orders us about and overfeeds us and spoils us. Marco obeys her implicitly. He says he does so from "force of habit," but I suspect him of standing a wee bit in awe of her! After all, she did help to bring him into the world, and people who do a thing like that never let you forget it! It amuses me to see Rita standing over my proud, high-spirited Marco, whilst he, very meekly, changes his wet boots and socks according to instructions! And he hates changing them! Who doesn't?

I AM already ever so fond of Rita. She is completely devoted to Marco, and I think she has taken me into her heart, too, for his sake. She is the widow of a Captain in the "Austrian Lloyd," and draws a tiny pension, the best part of which she lays by, so that Marco may have "a nice little nest-egg" when she is gone! It is very touching! She is devoted to the memory of her "defunct," as she calls him, and once a year sails over to Trieste to lay flowers on his grave. I am sure she was an excellent wife, and that Captain Merenzeller was a very lucky man; I wonder if he had to change his wet boots and socks! No, that's malicious! Nora Zanella, you ought to be ashamed of yourself!

IT is fascinating to watch the fishermen spearing fish by torchlight far away down below on the silver face of the water. How the white star-beams tumble

and twinkle about the warm flame! It reminds me of snow-flakes trying to put out a little camp-fire! How long ago that happened!

WHEN Rita looks at Marco a wonderful thing comes to pass! She becomes beautiful! She is neither fat nor old; she has neither scanty locks nor chapped, red hands; she is beautiful, for she is "mother love" personified, and "mother love" is the most perfect love of all, because it is the most selfless and yet the most passionate!

JUNE 19. This afternoon we walked along the water's edge to Abbazia. The Adriatic is softer and gayer and bluer than our northern seas, though I expect it, too, has its wildly tempestuous moods. D'Annunzio describes the Quarnero as "ever changing like the breast of a dove," and it is just what he says. In the morning it is like an opal imprisoned

in a cloud, at mid-day it is a forget-me-not petal which, if a shadow passes over the skies, deepens to the purple of Wild Hyacinths in a dim English wood-glade in spring; when the sun rests on Monte Maggiore it is crimson and gold, and it silvers to the light of the moon!

Abbazia is in Austria, so "order" is the watchword. The Austrians are more docile than their rather impulsive and hot-headed Magyar neighbours. They are as fond of "law and order" and as obsequious to authority as the Germans, and that is saying a great deal! At Abbazia one drops one's paper bags into wire baskets posted like sentinels in the Public Gardens and by highways and byways for that good purpose, and the "*Verschönerungs Verein*" drills nature so successfully that one could not lose oneself, however ardently one may desire to do so! Abbazia is a gay and fashionable little watering-place, with sumptuous hotels and villas and

cafés patronized chiefly by exceedingly well-nourished "children of Israel." These are amusing to watch for a few moments at a time, but one soon wearies of them; the men sprinkle diamonds generously down their shirt-fronts and on their ties and plump fingers; the women flash and twinkle like a galaxy of stars!

We drank delicious "mixed coffee" under a crimson umbrella and then strolled on past orchards and vineyards and quiet gardens to the fishing village of Laurana. Every stone of Laurana speaks of Venice! The fishermen, mending their nets on the rocks, sing the songs of the *Serenissima*, just as their forefathers used to do long, long ago in the placid islands of the Lagoon! The hills of Laurana and Abbazia are protected from the "*Bora*" which devastates those of Fiume. We wandered amongst them through the long afternoon until evening. They were so cool

and green and still! We gathered sheaves of Wild Asparagus, tender as young grass-blades, purple Daphne, handfuls of Star Anemones. The vineyards tucked away in the sheltered hollows were full of promise.

We rested for an hour under a moss-grown wall and talked. I can see that Marco is worried. As one of the leaders of Italian Fiume he is handicapped and harassed. Every concession has to be fought for desperately, and then, almost as soon as it is granted, it is withdrawn again. But he and those others who are with him never lose courage or patience.

"I hate these Hungarians! I hate them, hate them!"

"Do not talk so, little one," said Marco; "many of them are more sinned against than sinning. Theirs is a heritage of wrong. They are trying to hold together by 'brute force' an edifice that is destined to come crashing

to the ground. They think to triumph through fear, but we have cast back fear into their faces! Look, little wife! Yonder are the roads to Venice and Rome! Our brothers will come to us by them, in the 'fulness of time'!"

We raced each other down the hill to Abbazia, and from there took the ferry-steamer back to Fiume; we were home in less than an hour. We had Wild Asparagus for supper, and our Daphne and Anemones were in a blue bowl in the middle of the table. Rita scolded us for overtiring ourselves, just as if we had!

After supper we bundled the tyrant off to bed and, gaily breaking our promises, we sat on hour after hour by the window. The lights went out in the buildings; only a few glimmered here and there in the streets and far away down below in the port. Marco told me stories in a voice, low and sweet as a caress. He tells me such beautiful

and magical things in these our "quiet hours." " Nearly always it is of Italy he speaks. One day, when I have time, I will write down what he has told me in his words, as far as I can remember. He has told me of Mazzini, of Garibaldi, and Cavour, of the brothers Bandiera, of Oberdank, Speri, Calvi, Mameli, and others, and others, and others! These are more than names to me! They are great and heroic human beings; they live intensely and gloriously! I see the exiled Apostle of Liberty dreaming dreams beside a lake; I see him waiting, waiting on our misty and hospitable shores, then striking with a strong right hand! I see the gallant brothers Bandiera, Atilio and Emilio; they have heard the call! The hot blood springs from heart to cheeks as on the altar of Liberty they lay down place and power! They kneel to kiss the sweet Italian soil: "Thou hast given us life! We give our lives to thee!" Now they reap the bitter

harvest! They are forsaken and betrayed and done to death! As they lie side by side in the grey morning of Cosenza, the brand of the Austrian bullets are, to those who have "eyes to see," a flower of love and faith, a wonderful promise of spring! I see Pietro Fortunato Calvi, soldier and saint, clear-eyed "west of the bridge" at Mantua! I see Guglielmo Oberdank, little more than a child, and his mother is with him; she is sharing his martyr-crown, for they tortured her on the long road to Vienna as they tortured him in the ghastly dungeon, and at the end of the journey they broke her life with the rope they cast round the neck of her only son! I see them all, Italy's heroes and martyrs, the new and the old! Yonder is Garibaldi, on the desperate walls of Rome; now he is at Mesola, fugitive and destitute, a price on his head and his wife, his dear love and comrade Anita dying in his arms; now he is

with his "Thousand" on the rocks of Quarto; now his work is completed, and he sets sail for his native Caprera with the spoils of glorious victory, two old war-horses and a bag of beans! And there are people who say they do not believe in miracles!

I WISH the whole of England knew what I know now! I wish everyone at home had read Silvio Pellico's *Imprisonments*, Luzio's *Martyrs of Belfiore*, Orsini's *Austrian Dungeons!*

AT one o'clock Marco was called to the office. I think this happens far too often! My poor Marco! He works too hard; he will not spare himself. He laughs when I implore him to "go easy," and vows that "full steam ahead" is far less wearisome!

JUNE 20. Nowadays I am always scribbling! It is because I am so much

alone. It is a bad habit and I ought to try to break myself of it. Yet it helps to pass away the time, and, besides, things are clearer to me when I see them written down in black and white. One of these days I will make a clearance of this drawer and then a bonfire!

MARCO is worried over the arrest of two friends of his, fellow-members of "*Giovane Fiume.*" Really the authorities out here have reverted to the years of the Inquisition! They spy and bully and harry, and are suspicious of everyone and everything! From the ashes of Italian Fiume they would raise up a Phœnix with two heads, a guttural manner of speech and a crown all awry! They have set themselves an impossible task and they know it and are in consequence angry and restive and determined that somebody shall suffer. They are willing to take infinite trouble if only they may be assured of causing

infinite pain! Marco's two friends have been on the black list ever since they, together with Marco and other ardent spirits, made that extraordinarily touching and significant pilgrimage to Ravenna to lay, like a garland, the homage of their passionate Latinity on the grave of Dante.

It is strange how easy a thing life is to me now! Little petty trials that used to worry me in the old days do not matter any longer! I never feel irritable or depressed! I am better and gentler than I used to be! Love has patched me up!

June 22. I ought to write home more often. It is not that I have forgotten my dear ones in the old home; I think of them a very, very great deal. I can shut my eyes and see the grey rain sweeping across the dome of the Albert Hall just as I used to do from my

bedroom windows! I can catch the gleam of the early Daffodils in that green nook by the Serpentine! I can hear the rumble of the "Underground" down, down below, like far away thunder! Not one of the old familiar things have I forgotten, but for the moment they are lying dormant in a backwater of my life; I am entirely given over to these new experiences, this new knowledge of mine! Molly writes often; I am thankful for that! What an egoist I am! I require so much and give so little in return! Molly is a queen amongst sisters; she understands everything and her letters are adorable, full of love and humour and great-grandmotherly advice!

JUNE 23. This afternoon we tramped to Drenova, a peaceful village on the rim of a corn-coloured hill far away from the rest of the world. At our feet lay Fiume. She was a white rose dropped

on the edge of an azure lake by the young June wind when he rode by on his cloud-charger! And because she fell from so very high, some of her petals were scattered round and about her, and we could see the warm flush of her bosom and the glint of the little gold flame that was her heart. I gathered a bunch of Sweet-briar, some radiant pink Ragged Robins, and a few white and purple Violets. The white Violets have no scent, but they are delicately exquisite and the purple ones have fragrance enough for both.

Mario Garofalo dropped in to supper. His contributions to the banquet were "Doughnuts" as light as thistledown, dew-fresh Apricots and some "Parkin," the speciality of a shop in the Viale Deak. Rita made us an omelet and there were gold and purple Figs to add to the Apricots by the Sweet-briar and Ragged Robin in the middle of the table. There was beer from a little

shop round the corner. Beer is not to my taste any more than the sound of its name, but I must concede that it looks well in our great crystal jug! The light of the morning is hidden in it and its foam was gathered from the edge of a Quarnero wave on a sunny, wind-swept day!

After supper Marco and Mario sang *Fratelli d'Italia, Si scopron le tombe,* and other dangerous and soul-stirring songs at the top of their voices. I wish they would not do these things! I am so afraid of their getting themselves into trouble! Perhaps I exaggerate the risks, but it seems to me that out here the walls have eyes and the doors have ears! Rita, who is as nervous as I, ran to shut the windows. Marco immediately threw them open again: "*Ma parole est faite pour les fenêtres ouvertes!*" he shouted. They must have heard him halfway down the road! After the song the dance! Marco grasped

Rita as far round the waist as was practicable, and rushed her up and down until I was compelled to intervene to save her from an untimely and violent death! She was delighted though, of course, she pretended to be furiously angry. A sounding kiss from Marco sent her off to bed the happiest woman in Fiume, save one! When I went into her room later on to say good-night, she was grumbling something to the effect of boys being boys; I noticed that her eyes were bright; she must have been indulging in a "good cry"; she is a dear!

So much of happiness makes me afraid! I am standing on the top of a hill and all the beautiful world is at my feet! There are no higher summits to scale, no wider horizons to seek! I can picture to myself no sublimer vision, no greater good! O kind Gods, let this perfect radiant and blessed time abide with us for ever!

It is very easy to be good when the heart is full of love!

June 23. Marco came back very late this evening. The Archduke Ferdinand and his wife have been assassinated at Serajevo! Marco was deeply moved; his hands shook and his cheeks were on fire!

"It is the war of wars, *Mogliettina*, and the victory of victories!"

I tried to be calm, but the floor slipped away from beneath my feet and the familiar room suddenly became mysterious and strange! Little foolish thoughts flashed through my mind; there was a faded spray of Lilac in the vase on the piano, it would have to be changed! I picked up a half-burnt match that had fallen beside the waste-paper basket and dropped it into the ash-tray! Then I pulled myself together:—

"Nonsense, Marco! What do you mean?"

Marco did not reply; he just kissed me and we sat down to supper as if nothing out of the ordinary had happened to us at all.

Marco went out again almost immediately, and it was near morning when he returned. He crept into the room with his shoes in his hands; he knelt down by my bed and pressed his lips gently, gently to my forehead. I sat up and took his face between my hands and drew it close to mine. We remained so for a long time. Neither of us spoke. We understood each other so perfectly that there was no need for words. Then at last we crept into each other's arms and lay so until the daylight slipped into the room and the birds awoke in the Governor's garden.

THE town is seething with excitement. The Italians say little, for after all it is not their business; nevertheless they sympathize with these peoples of Bosnia

and Herzegovina who will have to "face the music." The atmosphere is electrical! Anything may happen! Servia is generally regarded as being seriously involved. The Hungarians abuse her violently and call for vengeance. "Servia must be dragged to her knees!" said Major Rekzany of the "Honved" to me this morning.

JUNE 26. One of my favourite walks is along what is called "*il molo*," a narrow wooden pier forming the outer wall of the harbour and running parallel with the frontage of the town. I tramp up and down it at all hours of the day, but preferably very early in the morning when the haze is still on the water and it is as if one were walking through a cloud or through a soft warm snow-shower illumined by a far away sun or moon. The voices of the town drift over the harbour in a constant murmur, punctuated by the sudden metallic thud of hammers,

the rattling of chains, and sharp words of command from some ship in port. When the sun makes a white transparency of Fiume and Abbazia and dances with silver slippers on the waves of Quarnero, I find some sheltered nook in which to rest and think of a thousand things. I like to imagine that the straight, slim ship-masts are pine trees. When the wind touches them, they sway and sing like a forest. They have been uprooted and exiled and stripped of splendour, but they are still "free citizens" of the earth and the sky, and their friends are the stars and the sun and the wind and the joy of the morning.

JUNE 29. This is my birthday. Marco was up before daybreak. He knocked over the candlestick, but I pretended not to hear, for I knew he had planned a surprise! He came back hours later. He and Rita had a violent "passage of arms" in the next room. To this

also I turned a deaf ear! Rita's orderly soul was in revolt; she cannot understand his whimsical poetry! Her dire mutterings and indignant sniffs reached me from time to time like little gusts of storm-wind! Mysterious fumblings from Marco's vicinity thrilled me with delighted anticipation. I was not disappointed. He had been out on the hills and had transformed the flat into a fairy bower. There were branches of Daphne, starry sprays of Blackberry blossom, and Ivy-wreaths wet with dew. We sat in a splash of sunshine and had our coffee with hot rolls and fresh Figs. I have never tasted Figs as delicious as these; one buys them from the Croatian peasants at five for two hellers, which is, roughly, twenty-five a penny!

It has been a perfect birthday! I could almost wish away a year of time to be at the beginning of such another!

Marco came home to an early lunch and afterwards we climbed the hill to

Tersatto, ran down the other side to the bridge of Sussak, crossed it into Croatia, and danced along the road to Buccari! It is strange to remember that once upon a time, in the golden days of the *Serenissima*, Buccari was a great and flourishing port. Now it is a quiet, wide-scattered fishing-village, and nothing remains of its ancient glory but the legend.

We drank coffee on a terrace by the sea and were jolted back to Sussak in the most ramshackle old motor-bus I have ever met with in my life!

We dined in state at the "*Europe*." Our guests were Mario Garofalo, his student brother Giovanni, and six other "boon companions"! It was very extravagant of us to give so big a party, but it really was the greatest of fun! We had Roast Veal and Bilberry Jam, Nut Tart, and Wild Strawberries with Whipped Cream for dessert. We all made speeches and toasted each other

in *Bowle* which is sweet Champagne with slices of Pine-apple and other fruits. After dinner we sat out at the Café Dante, and talked and talked. It has been a lovely day, the loveliest birthday I ever had!

THIS morning I walked up the Val Scurigna. The road is a fine one, and I thought it would surely lead me somewhere. To my surprise, it ended abruptly in a clump of trees and a field! Marco tells me that there was a scheme, and a genial one, for making of the valley a garden suburb. It was abandoned chiefly on financial grounds, but the lots are still marked out and the foundations of villas and walls remain. It gives one a curiously saddening sense of life suddenly suspended. The valley is charming and the *Bora* cannot find it, at least I imagine not, for I saw a luxuriance of vines and fruit trees and flowering shrubs, and the little farms

had an air of prosperity; each one had crimson Geraniums and Fuchsias planted out in tins or jam-pots on the window-sills and a couple of Fig trees over-burdened with fruit. I must come Blackberrying here in the autumn. What a harvest there will be! There was such a festal abundance that I gathered an armful of blossom sprays with a clear conscience.

THE excitement out here is intense. The terrible tragedy of Serajevo has moved people to the depths. There are rumours of war. In Hungarian circles the feeling against Servia is increasingly bitter. It is said that the murders of Serajevo were "inspired" by the Servian Government.

JULY 3. Marco has gone to Trieste.

JULY 6. No English mails. It is not like Molly to forget me.

Most days I take long country rambles. I feel I must get away from everything and think. Out in the quiet woods and fields I can think calmly and dispassionately. The country is so still and so beautiful; there is nobody there to wound with sharp, cruel words; there is nothing of bitterness and resentment; only bees drinking from Cowslip cups and little argent showers of dew when a bird alights on a bramble spray.

I HAVE been reading an Italian rendering of *Aucassin and Nicolette.* Marco bought it for me before going to Trieste. I am charmed with its fragrancy; it is a lovely, peaceful thing, like a spray of dried Lavender from some quaint old-world garden. Marco chose it with intention, for he underlined: "*Nessun uomo è si turbato, tanto dolente, di si gran male preso, che, se l' ode non sia guarito e riconfortato di gioia tanto è dolce,*" . . . so sweet it is! It is a

crystal spring in which one may dip fevered lips and brow and be refreshed and quieted and strengthened. Yet how strange to tarry even for a breath's space in that fairy forest illumined by the beauty of Nicolette, "the most beautiful thing in the world," the lily-flower, the girl with the clear face, now that the flame of war is leaping to Heaven and the waves of war are rising with a sound of storm and of weeping.

JULY 24. Marco has returned. Things are very grave, but as long as he is with me, as long as they leave us together . . .

JULY 26. Austria-Hungary has presented an Ultimatum to Servia. Its terms, they say, are preposterous. A reply is demanded before six this evening. It is a stifling day. There is not a breath of wind. The Quarnero is like a mirror. There will be a storm, for dense black

clouds are gathering above Monte Maggiore. The flowers I gathered only this morning are drooping over the rim of their vases. I, too, am tired. We are all waiting, waiting for something to happen; we dare not ask ourselves what! The storm will break very soon now. I can hear thunder. It sounds like gun-fire!

JULY 27. Servia has replied in a conciliatory spirit. She has accepted all demands save one, but her answer has been accounted unsatisfactory. Baron Giesl has left Belgrade. So it is war with Servia! Poor little country! Unless she be powerfully "backed" she cannot stand up against a great military Power like Austria-Hungary, "out to kill!" She looks to Russia, but surely things will not go so far; surely the struggle will be localized!

JULY 29. Belgrade is under shell-fire, and Russia has mobilized. Terrible

things are going to happen, but why should I cast out the joy that is in my heart? Yet I am ashamed of being happy when so much of misery and terror has come into the world!

JULY 30. There were hostile demonstrations before the Russian Consul's house, a few doors from us. The Italian Consul, who lives near by, was loudly acclaimed; his windows were shuttered; the house might have been deserted! It is all very confusing!

JULY 31. Austria-Hungary and Germany have declared war on Russia.

AUGUST 2. France stands with Russia.

AUGUST 5. The Germans have violated Belgium. What is England going to do?

AUGUST 6. England is at war with Germany.

AUGUST 12. England has declared war on Austria-Hungary. Newspaper boys were shouting it as I crossed the Piazza Dante this afternoon. Thank God for England! Long live Merry England! Oh, gallant, gallant little island! I was exultant! Then suddenly I realized in terror what all this would mean to me personally. I was a Hungarian subject! I had sold my birthright! I was on the wrong side! I felt sick and utterly miserable! I was in the Corso, and, looking up, saw that I had reached the Civic Tower. "But we are in Italy!" "You are right, we are in Italy!" How could I have forgotten? How could I have forgotten for a moment? This is Italy, my own country! I am Italian, Italian . . .

I MET Marco at the Café Dante. The Rekzanys were sitting at a table near by. They are nice people, but aggressively Hungarian. Frau Rekzany ran

up to me and grasped my hands effusively.

"*Arme kleine Frau!* But how you must suffer! *Wir bedauern, wir bedauern! Aber so was . . .!*"

"Whatever has happened?" I gasped, amazed.

"All this about England! *Grässlich, grässlich!* Of course you are one of us now, we know that, but, you were English before! You must be ashamed!"

My patience ebbed out. "I am proud!"

She choked. "But it will be the end of the British Empire, you must understand that!"

"England has brave soldiers and sailors!"

"*Ach was!* Sailors, yes! But soldiers! . . . One army only has England raised, and that the 'Salvation Army'! Ask Kurt here!"

Major Rekzany entered the fray with a click of his heels.

"It is as the wife has said!" he pronounced gravely.

Marco intervened. "The *Gnädigste* is perfectly right. England did raise a 'Salvation Army' and now she is going to raise another!"

He smiled maliciously and pinched my arm; he very nearly winked! Major Rekzany laughed; he is not very quick-witted; his wife regarded us with suspicion. Were we pulling her warrior's leg? No, no; it was impossible! Nobody would dare to pull an officer's leg in this country. She smoothed her ruffled plumes and we took leave of each other quite amicably. I hope we shall not meet them again. The less I see of these people the better; I find it hard not to be rude to them.

AUGUST 14. We dined at the Rhodens. They are Germans who have been settled in Fiume very many years. We did not want to go in the least, but the

invitation was a long-standing one and they are old family friends of Marco's. Very ostentatiously they ignored the accident of my English birth. Several "Honved" officers were there, and the conversation was centred on the war. They were all extremely excited over the escape of a Mr. James, an Englishman, who, for many years, has held a position of trust in Count Hoya's Torpedo Works on the outskirts of the town. He managed to get away on the eve of England's declaration of war on Austria-Hungary. They think he will attempt to cross the frontier into Italy, but vow that he has not a chance of doing so. They will do their best to prevent him, for he possesses far too much knowledge for their peace of mind. It was horrid to see all those people "hounding down" one man; it did not seem "fair play." These officers are not "gentlemen"; they remembered that I was English yet had not the kindness nor the chivalry

nor the imagination to put themselves in my place. They are not generous. As we were having coffee in the garden after dinner, an orderly brought a note for one of them which he promptly read aloud. It was to the effect that Mr. James had been arrested on the train near Trieste. They all shook hands. I had a wild impulse to fling my coffee into their faces and say something rude; in that moment I realized, not without a thrill of satisfaction and pride, that I was a complete stranger amongst them; I gloried in my isolation and in Marco's! For his sake I was discreet; I said and did nothing; it was not so easy!

SEPTEMBER 21. The days creep past and leave me bewildered and dismayed by the immensity of this catastrophe. My little world is tumbled about my ears. It is over five weeks since I heard from Molly. I must go to the American Consul and see if anything can be done

to regularize our correspondence. Here I am so alone and the news is terrible; Belgium and Servia devastated; France invaded; England pouring forth her best blood!

SEPTEMBER 22. People are wearing brooches inscribed "*Gott strafe England.*" One can have the same motto printed on cards just like the texts hung up on the schoolroom walls at home and over our beds. I wonder if the Hungarians hang "*Gott strafe England*" over their beds! I expect they do; it would be just like them; and I expect they expand with wrathful patriotism and pat themselves on their backs and think how brave they are!

On the ferry-steamer crossing over to Abbazia this afternoon a lady was selling "*Gott strafe England*" brooches in aid of some belligerent cause or other. She offered me one. I shook my head. She insisted. I was adamant.

She warmed to her task; she became impatient, incensed, furious; she lost control of herself and hurled the deadly insult: "Perhaps you are English!" "Perhaps!" I answered!

We have been visited by a Cyclone. I thought it was the ordinary wind of the country and was duly impressed. It was a wonderful sight! A cloud, like a great black bird, leapt on to the rim of Monte Maggiore, hovered there a moment and then swooped down upon us! The little green tables set in front of the Cafés were whirled here and there like leaves; roofs were lifted and dropped in the streets some yards distant; trees were snapped off close to the ground and the wind made angry rushes at the house and threw handfuls of stones and leaves and broken twigs in at the windows. The noise was tremendous. Then suddenly it passed and everything was at peace again.

It is only we who cannot find peace; hither and thither we are carried by the winds of our passion; we weep and struggle, and curse and are cursed; we sing great songs and we sing mean songs; alternately we are exultant and very sorrowful.

October 13. For many this is a fratricidal war. Desertions have been verified "*en masse*"; entire regiments have thrown their arms and passed to the other side; the peoples of Bosnia and Herzegovina threaten to cast in their lot with Servia. When the Bohemian troops marched through the streets of Prague on their way to the Eastern Front, the populace shouted: "Don't fire on your Russian brothers!" "We go to join them!" was the answer.

If we, who know that our cause is just, are so sick with horror and dismay and pity, what must be the feelings of

those who have brought this tragedy into the world to serve their own unworthy ends? Where will they find courage to play it out to the end?

THIS war is the crucible in which our mettle shall be proven!

In a night of flame and smoke
Thus a weary pilgrim spoke:
"All the fairy spells are broken, all the forest trees are bare,
Morning dew is ruby red
In the meadows of the dead,
Shoulders bend beneath the burden, hearts are open unto care!

"In a thousand dreary rooms
Have been cast the wilted blooms
Of departed spring and happiness in clouds upon the floor,
Love and peace have been down-hurled
From the altars of the world
And life's chalice has been emptied of delight for evermore!

"There are shadows on the sun,
Let me rest, for day is done

I am beaten, I am broken, I am humbled in the dust,
I am worthless and afraid,
They are spoiled, the things I made,
I have failed and I have faltered, I have dipped my sword in rust!"

As thus lying on the ground
He despaired, a sudden sound
As of singing triumph-voices, as of thunder, wind and rain,
Was like music in his ears:
"Grip your staff and cast forth fears,
Struggle on a little longer, take your courage up again!

"Pray for labour, not for sleep,
Give God thanks if you must weep,
Find contentment in privation, welcome failure, kiss the rod,
Make a glory of your cross,
Make a garland of your loss,
For in pain and tribulation shall be scaled the hills of God!"

Then the pilgrim raised his eyes
Saying: "Now am I grown wise!
I will bless the hands that smite me, prize the blossom for the thorn,

Gold is proved in furnace fire,
He who falls must needs aspire,
From the trial springs the triumph, and from suffering 'man' is born!"

OCTOBER 15. Marco took me to the hospital to see Bruno Zanetti, an old school-friend of his. What a piteous case! It was heart-breaking to see such a fine young fellow dragging himself about on crutches! He will never walk again; his eyes are full of sadness and suffering. He told me how it happened. Two years ago, late on a Sunday evening, he was returning from an outing in the country beyond Abbazia with a little band of kindred spirits. They were singing in Italian. A group of Croatians, coming from the opposite direction, were insultingly aggressive. Italians do not swallow insults! There was a *melée* in which Zanetti was treacherously stabbed in the back. The Croatians made off in the darkness and

the Hungarian police declared themselves unable to discover the culprits. They made no efforts to do so; they did not wish to do so; there was no redress; "An Italian? Then let him shift for himself!" Next week Zanetti will be dismissed from the hospital as "incurable"; he has not a penny of his own and nobody to whom he can go; Marco has found a niche for him at the office; it is a very modest one indeed, but poor Zanetti is radiantly grateful; it will mean a crust of bread and a roof; he had not dared to hope for so much!

I SEE very little of Marco now. He is at the office all day and often well on into the night. The Italian elements are regarded with deepening distrust since Italy refused to share the responsibility of this brutal aggression.

NOVEMBER 2. Mario Garofalo has escaped over the frontier into Italy.

He did it at the risk of his life, and every day others are doing the same. Mario's idea was to enrol himself in the Foreign Legion of France. All these brave lads would rather die than fight against what they love and honour most.

I AM very worried about Marco. Ought I to suggest his going? The risks are so ghastly and they increase every day. The authorities are on guard, and, if he were caught, there would be no mercy to hope for or to pray for!

NOVEMBER 8. I have spoken to Marco. He cannot bear to leave me and this Fiume he loves; for the present he will not go; when his "class" is called up there will be time to come to a decision; there is still work for him to do here for the "cause"!

I PRAY for "courage, gaiety, and the quiet mind"!

NOVEMBER 9. The "*Bora*" is blowing. What a bitter, penetrating wind! Our little flat sways like a nest on the tip-top of a tree. We have shut the double windows and yet the candle-flame bends right over. It is very cold. We walked up and down the Corso this afternoon for over an hour trying to get warm; the wind cut through our coats like a knife. I wish we could light the stove! It is a monumental concern, and must have great heating capacities. But we ought not to start luxuries of the sort so early in the winter; we really are very, very poor!

DECEMBER 8. Home letters forwarded from Italy! All are well and filled with courage and faith. There is a better time coming! There is, there is! No war news because of the Censor. The money I asked Molly to withdraw from my account has come too. We are quite rich again! I am going to have a party; I am going to close the shutters

and leave sorrow and care outside; Rita has run out for provisions"; there will be *risotto* in a Wedgwood blue dish to look like manna on a piece of sky, apples and coffee, and afterwards Marco will tell stories and other things besides! It is the other things I want to hear most particularly; after all I have only been married a very few months. I am afraid I am something of a "weakling"; but then I am in love, oh, deeply, truly in love and everything is being spoiled, spoiled . . .

LET me bear in mind what Mazzini said: "Let all suffer in silence, purify their souls, consume their anguish, and hope each in his own fashion!"

I THINK I could bear anything but separation from Marco. Separation is the cross that would bear me to the ground. It is like death; it is worse than death, for, whereas in death we

are forgetful of sorrow and pain, in separation we are ever mindful of both. Separation has more of bitterness than death, and often far less of hope.

EVERY afternoon between three and four o'clock I hear a roll of drums and see a pitiful little procession creeping up the hill from the town with "arms reversed"; so many come here to die; the town is full of sick and wounded, over twenty thousand, they say! The greater numbers are from Servia; they arrive by steamer and by rail in a terrible condition; their uniforms are torn and stained and the stench is awful. The Naval Academy has been turned into a hospital and many of the schools and public buildings as well. The work of the "Red Cross" is divine here, as elsewhere. This desolate, shattered humanity is very piteous to behold, hardly knowing what it is fighting for, and not caring over much.

DECEMBER 18. Marco has been called to the colours! He must go! He must fight for the enemies of his country and of mine! We heard the news late last night! Next week he goes before the Medical Board. Surely they cannot pass him! He is ill and tired; it is only sheer will-power that enables him to work as he does, sheer proud, indomitable will-power. Marco vows that whatever happens he will not fight for these people. They cannot make him! He says he will manage to pass over to the other side as Mario did. It cannot be so difficult; many have done it! He will join the Foreign Legion, or perhaps by then Italy will be with us! We never doubt but that Italy will be with us soon!

"Exiled human creatures
Let your hope grow larger,
Larger grows the vision
Of the new delight!"

These are beautiful and comforting words!

CHRISTMAS DAY, 1914. "Peace and Good-will!" What mockery! Marco is up at the great "Honved" barracks near Drenova. He was "passed" by the Medical Board. All the Italians are "passed," whatever their physical disabilities. The Hungarians say "they are not to be trusted" and so had better "go and feed the guns!"

Marco spent a couple of hours with me this afternoon, so I cannot say that it has been an altogether unhappy Christmas. Many have far less to be thankful for than I!

MARCO will not stand this life for long! How ill he looks! He says the food is quite good and plentiful, but I am not deceived! I saw the recruits' rations the other day. They had some greasy soup in a mug and rather a small lump of black bread. This was the mid-day meal. They have bread alone for supper and a mug of "coffee

substitute" and bread in the early morning. The bread we civilians buy is bad enough; it looks like chocolate and it weighs like lead; the soldier's bread is far, far worse; the army loaf looks just like a lump of coal! If only I could get Marco away! The barracks are filthy and swarming with vermin! If only I could do something! What? I am helpless and utterly miserable! It adds to my suffering a thousandfold to know that there are so many others as desolate as I! Here in Fiume, we Italians number 28,000 against 9,000 Croats and about 4,000 Hungarians! We are in the majority, but it profits us little, for out here it is the good-pleasure of the "few" which is considered!

JANUARY 4, 1915. I see Marco very often now! Behind the barracks there is a great barred window looking out over open country! Nearly every day

I am there, watching, watching that blessed window! I am too far away from my Marco to speak to him, but I can see his hands waving like little white flags.

THIS morning I had a chat with old Bartolomeo; he does "odd jobs" at the office. He says that Italy will join the Allies very soon now. He wants to get over the frontier and volunteer for "active service," although he is over sixty-six years old! His two boys are already in Italy, "and will fight with their Babbo"! It is hard for an English mind to fathom such depths of bitterness and hate; we in England have not the scars of whips and chains on our bodies! The Italians have, and I think that only blood will wash them out!

"Listen, Signora," said Bartolomeo; "In '59 our home was laid waste! We were all in the kitchen, Mother, Father, and I with my little brother and sister.

I was the eldest; I was just ten years old. We were sitting down to supper when the Croatian soldiers broke into the room. They killed my Father, and, before her children's eyes, they violated my Mother and then blew out her brains as one blows out the brains of a mad dog! All my life I have remembered! Now I am going to make them pay! 'An eye for an eye!'" He was crying like a child! He had waited fifty-five years!

JANUARY 17. It is extraordinary the number of lies people out here are expected to swallow! They are very docile! In England I think we would have choked long ago! I, personally, have become an adept at deciphering the "Official Communiqués" of the Austro-Hungarian General Staff. For "nothing new to report," I read "nothing good to report"; for, "in spite of the repeated and insidious attacks of a foe

numerically our superior, we have consolidated our positions"! I read, "we are taking to our heels!" "After events" nearly always bear me out!

When the Austro-Hungarian armies were in precipitous retreat in Servia and in Galicia, the papers waxed jubilant over "victorious advances"! But Truth cannot be buried in a well for ever! People begin to miss her and wonder where she is, and finally go a-fishing for her with their rods!

I received a delphic post-card the other day from somewhere near Lemberg: "If things go on at this rate, we shall be back again in Fiume before long"!

THE other day a student, injured in a street affray, was admitted to the hospital for treatment:—

"Well, young man, and what have we here?" queried the friendly doctor.

"Situation favourable on all Fronts!"

"What on earth do you mean? Here you are in about as pretty a mess as possible, and you want to persuade me that . . ."

"Oh, didn't you catch on? I thought everyone here knew that 'situation favourable on all Fronts' meant a 'pretty mess!'"

JANUARY 19. The Italian papers have been suppressed, so now we hear only what it suits these people to tell us! Now and then some enterprising spirit smuggles in a *Corriere della Sera* and it is passed from hand to hand and eagerly devoured. Alas! this happens very rarely, for the vigilance on the frontier is intense and all who come in from Italy are submitted to a most searching examination from the soles of their boots to the lining of their coats and the crown of their hats! The *Corrieres* that do miraculously arrive in Fiume are sold at fantastic figures; twelve to

fifteen crowns is not considered excessive, and I have heard of fifty crowns, or about two pounds sterling, being offered for a copy! The normal price of a *Corriere* is a halfpenny!

A strange thing happened to me the other day. I was sitting on the "*Molo*" reading a newspaper; an individual who was passing by stopped short in front of me, looked sharply from left to right, snatched the paper from my hands, and promptly disappeared! The only explanation is that he mistook my *Voce del Popolo* for a *Corriere*! It shows how ardently news from the outside world is longed for here. That man snatched the paper as a starving man would snatch at a loaf of bread!

JANUARY 20. No news from home. The money Molly sent is practically gone. I do not want to touch the little that remains in Marco's account; he may need it himself later on.

The Hungarian Government allows me about sixpence a day whilst Marco is serving with the colours, but Marco does not wish me to use this money. Rita calls his scruples the Italian for "high falutin' nonsense"! I feel as Marco does, and will not spend a penny of it. I draw it regularly and give it to a poor family with children; there is great poverty here now. I would rather not handle the money at all, but that would be foolish and would do Marco infinite harm!

I AM alone now. Rita has gone to look after an old brother at Trieste. I could not afford to keep her. Faithful soul! She went without her last month's wages!

I HAVE given up the flat and taken just one room in the same house. It is a very tiny room, but then, I am not big myself! As it has not a stove I

just cuddle into my fur coat and am quite cosy!

I hardly ever go out; I feel so tired nowadays; besides, I am afraid of Marco looking in and finding me out. Poor Marco! It hurt him to see that I had sold our things! What else was there to do? There was nowhere to put them, and, besides, I needed the money. He said that I, too, deserved well of Italy, since I was ready to give up so much for love of her! I was proud and happy to hear him talk so!

FEBRUARY 2. It snowed in the night. The world is peacefully dreaming in a beautiful white dress. The trees as I saw them first, crowned with silver blossom. The sky and sea are deep blue. I walked to Volosca. I felt so well! I thought of nothing! I just drank in the loveliness, and I think I was almost happy!

MARCH 5. I have only seen Marco twice in these last two weeks. He is of "good cheer" and says that Italy will be with us soon!

I THINK it is courage that matters most of all! A brave heart ennobles the humblest of virtues and compels forgiveness for a thousand foibles and failings!

I HAVE been to see the papers at the Café Dante. They make me sick; they are altogether vile! The illustrated papers, and most especially the German, are indecent or just stupidly vulgar; nothing is sacred to these people; they do not know how to respect gallant and honourable foes! And they are greatly lacking in ideas. "The British Tommy," for instance, is invariably in kilts with a whisky bottle under one arm and a bag of gold under the other; his pockets bulge with loot and he is hiding behind a motley crowd of savages!

The shops are filled with books and pamphlets; here are the titles of some: *The World Freed from the British Yoke! The End of All in England! The British Fleet in Hiding! The Fall of the British Empire! The German Martyrs in London!*

I would rather like to read some of these effusions, but feel that it would be a waste of money and of time!

MARCH 8. There is a company of Venetian Comedy Players here now. They recite in dialect; practically what is spoken by the "*Fiumani.*" I can understand it quite well.

These plays are delicious! They are more than mere plays; they are little bits of life snatched between the glint of a sun-ray and the shadow of a cloud; I laugh and I cry over them; they are the essence of true humour! Amalia Borisi is the "moving spirit"; she is a wonder, over seventy years old! Her

son and grand-daughter are excellent too, but "the play's the thing"!

They have hired a little wooden theatre on the outskirts of the town, near Sussak; it only holds about forty persons and the front seats cost eightpence; those behind, fourpence; I sit behind! I really have no business to spend as much as fourpence on pure dissipation! It is quite comic! But Molly and the others would cry over me if they knew! They never shall! They shall never say that my husband could not provide for me when it is life itself he has given me! The world is so full of misery that my little woes become ludicrous! I am laughing over them as I write them down!

Marco's regiment is leaving very shortly. He is radiantly glad, and thinks they will be sent to the Italian Front. He says that Italy is on the eve of war with Austria-Hungary. He will manage

somehow to get over into Italy. He wants to be a "Bersagliere"; he vows he will look so well under the blue-grey plumes that I will fall in love with him all over again! As if I had not done so thoroughly enough the first time! What beautiful, beautiful nonsense he talks! But his nonsense is more to me than all the wisdom of the world!

How money flies! Yet I live very quietly; I only spend what is quite necessary; I need so little! What is to happen? I will not write to Molly! She must never know how it is with me!

One can learn how to suffer just as one can learn how to sing and how to do a hundred new things! One can suffer well and one can suffer badly. Suffering will never be anything else but suffering, but it can be worn proudly

as a crown or shamefully as a torn and soiled garment.

THE Hungarians simply rave about the Germans; they have set them up like idols; they might be the saviours of the world instead of its destroyers! The shop-windows are filled with pictures of Big and Little Willy, Hindenburg, and countless lesser Teuton lights! Conrad and the myriad Archdukes take second seats; even old Franz-Joseph looks small beside the "All Highest"! Yet how goes the old Magyar song?

"Magyar trust not the Germans,
Heed not how or what they protest.
Nought is the parchment they give thee,
Though it be as big as thy round cloak
And though they set a seal on it
As big as the brim of the moon,
Spite of all it lacks all virtues!
Confound them, Jesus Christus!"

On this first day of April I have made a little picture, and called it :—

THE SINGER IN THE FIELDS

Where the snow of almond blossom
Drifts across the scented meadows
Of Laurana in the shadow
Of the mountain called Maggiore,
Gaily, gaily sang the crickets
From the sunrise to the sunset.

And a little child sang with them,
All his burning curls flung backwards
And his upturned palms like petals
Lying lightly in the clover;
Sang the magical "*canzoni*"
That his forefathers had gathered
From the wizard lips of Venice,
And brought hither down the pristine
Water-roadways, past the golden
Peach-breathed gorse of the Brioni
Islands, where the fisher-people
Spread their nets upon the russet
Rocks at dusk, and the wild ponies
Sweep like storms of jocund autumn
Leaves across the lonely hillside.

And because he sang so gaily
In the meadows of Laurana,
He was called " the little cricket " ;
And he smiled and went on weaving
Webs of lovely languid music,
And he dreamed long dreams that mellowed
Into perfect fruits of passion
In the suns of fifteen summers.

Then the gentle spell was broken :
Day and night-time, day and night-time
Without respite, stern-eyed armies
Came and went with clash of metal,
Thunderous roll of feet and strident
Noise of wheels and shouting voices :
From the milk-white womb of Fiume
Myriad ships sprang into puissant
Life and rings of fire encircled
The low hills towards the confine
Where Hungarians and Croatians,
Poles, Bosnians and Bohemians,
And a host of other Hapsburg slaves
Were building traps and trenches.

Then the dream serene was ended
And he woke, the " little cricket,"
To a fervent hope resplendent ;
In ecstatic revelation

He beheld the Holy Places
Of his race reconsecrated,
The dead bosoms of his martyrs
Stirred to wonderful florescence,
And his song became a godly
Word of faith and exultation.
With the flame of their wild anger
They were fain to kill his gladness,
With their eager tyrant fingers'
Menace at his throat, to awe him
Into silence:
"Do the crickets
Hush their singing when the mornihg
Sun comes dancing down the hillside?
Are the crickets not my brothers?"

Then they drowned in guttural tauntings
His young triumph, and they blasted
The fair spring-tide of his spirit,
And they bore him hence and prisoned
Him, and so he died as every
Simple creature of the open
Space, of wind and flowers and sunshine
Needs must die when led forth captive;
So he died, but is remembered
In the meadows of Laurana
Where the crickets gaily, gaily
Sing from sunrise unto sunset!

Marco has gone! Marco, Marco, sweetheart! I am not crying! I must be worthy of you! You must be proud of me when you come back again! It will be a wonderful home-coming! You will take me in your arms and you will laugh over me because of the radiant triumph, and you will weep over me, just a little, because of the past sorrow!

Easter Day, 1915. Eight months since war broke out! It seems eight years to me! Fiume has greatly changed; all my best friends are gone; both the brothers Garofalo are dead; Mario fell in France and Giovanni died here. I only heard of Giovanni's death a few weeks ago. Whenever I am able I take a bunch of flowers to lay by the plain wooden cross on his grave. I choose red and white flowers, and I wrap them about in fresh green leaves; red, white, and green, the three sacred colours; I think he would be glad to know I do this—and Mario too.

NUMBERS of the houses are empty; the war has ruined and dispersed so many families. The town is very still; she is like the "Sleeping Beauty"; when will the Fairy Prince come and kiss her lips and wake her again to radiant life?

The shops are very scantily provided and the prices fantastic! The bread is so bad that I cannot eat it; I make maize porridge instead; sprinkled with sugar or with pepper and salt it is very good.

MARCO writes fairly often; he says he is well and that everything is going to happen for the best; he says I must have confidence in him and be patient and brave. I cannot understand where he is; I don't think it is Servia or Galicia; perhaps Italy, and yet . . .

MAY 15. This day last year I arrived in Fiume! The Lilac and Almond trees are in bloom and everything is fragrant

and beautiful, only the peace and happiness that were in my heart have been cast forth and trampled on and lost!

MAY 16. The weather is glorious; the trees the tenderest little crumpled leaves, and the Almond blossom is a dream of soft beauty! I spend a lot of time out of doors.

A post card from Marco! "Little Star, all my love! It is nearly morning! We are going to be happy! God bless you!"

"It is nearly morning!" I understand you, husband mine! "We are going to be happy!"

MAY 20. What is Italy going to do? Everybody is asking and asking! I know, and my knowledge is as fragrant as a flower of Heaven!

I MUST remember that it is the darkest hour that heralds in the dawn!

MAY 21. Every ten minutes, day and night, a train passes through here, and this for the last ten days! They say that troops are being massed towards the Italian Frontier!

MAY 25. Italy has declared war on Austria-Hungary! What was it Marco said? "It is the war of wars and the victory of victories!" Italy has been true to herself! We never doubted but that it would be so! Lovely, beloved land!

I FAINTED at the Market this morning; some poor women were very kind to me. I went out to get some milk and there were such crowds that I had to stand waiting a very long time; standing always makes me feel faint; I must not get ill now that such wonderful things are about to happen!

MAY 29. The seals have been set on the Italian Consulate. The Hungarians and others persist in their hostile demonstrations; they seem to get infinite satisfaction out of the hurling of abuse and stupid threats at shuttered doors and windows! They are like wild beasts, trapped and afraid.

MAY 30. No word from Marco! I cannot bear this suspense! No papers, no news, and such wild rumours! To-day the Italian Fleet is at Trieste, yesterday it was at the bottom of the sea!!! One does not know what to believe, what to think! It will be all right in the end; of this I am completely and trustfully assured. These people are not "clean fighters"; they hit "below the belt" all the time! And they have an unworthy Cause!

I AM reading Dante! I could find it in my heart to envy Paolo and Francesca;

"*Amor ci condusse ad una morte!*" I would not be afraid of death with Marco; it is life without him that appals me!

THERE are crowds of "convalescents" about the streets and in the Public Gardens. An officer shot himself yesterday; I knew him quite well by sight; He used to tramp up and down the Corso all day long; his regiment had been cut to pieces at Sabaz and the horror of it destroyed his reason; he only remembered that he had lost his men and was searching for them, searching, searching. . . . At last he despaired!

JULY 19. I take the same walks as those I took together with Marco this time last year. I have forgotten nothing; I put my feet where he put his and I repeat the things he said! The hills are covered with Wild Asparagus! How happy we used to be!

LOVE increases strength a thousand-fold! Love is like a divine breast-plate; the hurts of life cannot pierce it; it is only love which enables me to suffer as I am suffering now!

I AM so tired! I have waited and waited! Marco has not written; his post card is crushed and stained, for it lies on my heart.

SEPTEMBER 4. I have been very ill; I would have died had it not been for a kind woman next door who came in every day to look after me. I am very grateful, but at times I feel that it would have been good to die, just to go quietly to sleep and not suffer any more. Then I am ashamed of such weakness; I must get well and strong again for Marco's sake; but he has not written! Where can he be? Perhaps in Italy; he could not write from there! I must be patient! When he comes back, we will hang out

our darling flag and we will sing "*Fratelli d'Italia*," and the windows will be open and there will be people outside singing with us!

TO-MORROW I will go down into the town; I must see someone; I must have news! I will go to the Rekzanys; he is at home on "sick leave" and could give me information about Marco if anyone could.

I HAVE only eight pounds left! The room is quite empty; just the bed and this table, the old blue vase, some cooking things and my trunk with a few clothes and treasures! All the rest has been sold; there is one picture on the wall; it is a photograph of the Coloseum at Rome; I could not bring myself to part with it, because Marco had written behind it:—

"Cosi veda tu un giorno il mare latino coprirsi
di strage alla tua guerra
e per le tue corone piegarsi i tuoi lauri e i
tuoi mirti.

O Sembrernascente, O fiore di tutte le stirpe
aroma di tutta la terra.

Italia, Italia,
sacra alla nuova aurora
con l'aratro e la prora!"

THE house is deserted; all the other tenants have gone. I like it better so! It is so restful. The porter sits all day long in a little room by the entrance; he is very, very old, and takes no notice of me at all.

I HOPED to have gone into town before this, but am so weak and am afraid of the walk. I will go to-morrow; I will look up the Rekzanys; God grant they may be able to tell me something!

I KNOW everything! I am poorer than the meanest beggar in the streets. There is no sorrow left in the world, for I have gathered it all into my heart! And yet I am alive, breathing, looking

about me! Yonder are the slopes of Monte Maggiore, golden in the sunshine, yonder is the silver mist on Quarnero, yonder are Abbazia, Volosca, Veglia! . . . Fiume is at my feet! They are nothing to me, nothing, nothing! What have I written? I am mad, wicked! I don't know what I am saying! Marco, Marco! I never meant it! I never meant it! It isn't true! I love all these as you love them! Marco, Marco! But you cannot hear me! You are dead! They murdered you, devils, devils! I pray God to let me die! Marco, my husband, my own dear love!

THE Rekzanys told me everything; I think they were sorry for me; I don't want their pity! I hate them! I despise them! They are Marco's enemies and mine! They did not spare me; they told me how the Magyar soldiers spat in your face, called you "traitor," and hounded you to the wall; how they

branded your forehead with their infamous bullets, and then, when you fell, how they cast your body into a ditch like a dog's! "For treachery in face of the enemy!" That's how they put it! Fools, fools! I don't know how I came home; I think the Rekzanys were with me part of the way.

You tried to go to your own people! You threw down your rifle without firing a shot! Your hands were clean of brothers' blood! This was the "treachery" for which they did you to death! You stood up in the sunshine and spread your arms in greeting towards the green valley of Gorizia and the river Isonzo! Before their rough hands crushed your mouth you cried: "*Viva Fiume! Viva la più grande Italia!*" I think your brothers heard you!

October 4. Marco is dead! He is lying in the open. There are no flowers

near him and the rain is on his face! And I, his wife, who love him, cannot go to him and take his hands and warm them in my bosom, and say a little prayer . . .

MARCO is dead! They killed him shamefully and before they killed him they tortured him! But they cannot keep him from me! We sit together hour after hour; his hands pass over my face; he tells me the wonderful old stories over again! There are no scars on his forehead, no blood!

THE old blue vase is always filled with fresh flowers; 'It had been empty for a long time; Marco fills it early in the morning with blossoms gathered out on the hill-side. I don't open my eyes when he comes in, for he likes to surprise me; besides I am so tired . . .

IN the evenings we walk up and down the Corso, just as we used to do in the

old times before he went away. To-day the "*Bora*" was blowing and the Corso was a great river, and we, swimmers; we struggled and struggled against the current with muscles aching and hearts beating; then we turned about and floated down stream; it was so sweet and restful!

THE Corso is always changing. On the night that Belgrade was taken it was a fairy road; silver and gold filled with murmurous voices! There were lighted candles in nearly all the windows; I remember gazing and clapping my hands. Then I grew frightened; Marco was a long way from me! I understood that the pretty lights were set about a dead body, a body all blood and wounds, with poor tortured eyes and wide eyes!

LAST night I saw a woman, beautiful as a goddess; her lips were the lips of a young mother, gentle and chaste; her eyes

were like pools in sunshine and her brows were bound with myrtle and fresh roses.

There were great companies with her and others hastened forth to meet her. And those who were with her called, "*Italia!*" and the others too, called, "*Italia, Italia!*" And she gathered them to her heart.

"But some of my children are sleeping!"

And she searched for them far and wide, and she found them! On icy summits, in snow-bound passes, in shattered trenches, and in crimson rivers, in desolate fields and in shameful ditches, she found them!

And she crowned them with her myrtle and she laid her roses at their feet, and she closed their eyes and folded their hands on their bosoms.

And they smiled, as if in happy dreaming, and they breathed, "*Italia, Italia!*" And their breath was like a fragrant wind passing through the land.

IT is very cold and I have been here a long, long time! It is almost dark; I can hardly see to write. My fingers are frozen and waves of awful pain throb up to my heart and then ebb again and leave me faint and sick.

I CANNOT remember what has happened in these last few days. I think Marco was with me, but now he has gone away again!

It is past bed-time, but there is something I wanted to write!

This cruel pain, it makes me forget!

How dark it is! What's that? It's Marco! He will be here in a moment! Quickly, quickly! I must finish this!

"*Segui la tua stella!*" you said, Marco, my own husband! I have, I have! I have been very happy! I have tried to be brave! I have not cried much, though at times it was very lonely!

There have been no complaints, no doubts! Lately I have suffered so much!

WE are going to be happy! Marco, Marco, you are very near to me now!

I WANT to write down . . . what was it? Such beautiful words . . . like the voice of a trumpet . . . a brave, glad sound!

I MUST write . . . clearly . . . "*Viva Fiume! Viva . . . la più . . . grande . . . Italia!*"

FINIS.

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